

⁴⁶VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

NUMBER 8.

Anecdote. During the heat of party strife in Charleston, S. C. last fall, between the Union and State Rights parties (arrayed under Pringle and Pinckney, the different candidates for Intendant,) the accomplished Miss Rock was fulfilling an engagement at the theatre in that city. In one of her characters, she sung the song of "Johnny Pringle," which seemed to create some excitement in the house; until at length, coming to the chorus "heigho Pringle," the feelings of a part of the audience were so acted upon, that shouts of "huzzza for Pinckney," simultaneously issued from all parts of the house; and in a moment, the ears of the audience were saluted with almost every epithet which had been applied to the partisans during the preceding season.--*N. Bed. Gazette.*

MISCELLANY.

From the Diary of a Physician.
MOTHER AND SON.

"This is the last, and—it may be considered—most mournful extract from my Diary. It appears to me a touching and terrible disclosure of the misery, disgrace, and ruin consequent on GAMBLING. No, that I imagine it possible, even by the most moving exhibition, to soften the more than nether-millstone hardness of a gambler's heart, or enable a voluntary victim to break from the meshes in which he has suffered himself to be entangled;—but the lamentable cries ascending from this pit of horror, may scare off those who are thoughtlessly approaching its brink. The moral of the following events may be gathered up into a word or two:—Oh! be wise, and be wise in time!"

I took more than ordinary pains to acquaint myself with the transactions which are hereafter specified; and some of the means I adopted, are occasionally mentioned, as I go on with the narrative. It may be as well to state, that the events detailed are assigned a date which barely counts within the present century. I have reason, nevertheless, to know, that, at least, one of the guilty agents still survives to pollute the earth with his presence; and if that individual should presume to gild any portion of the following narrative, his impudent efforts will meet with the disdain they merit.

Mr. Beauchamp came to the full receipt of a fortune of two or three thousand a-year, which, though hereditary, was at his absolute disposal—about the period of his return from those continental peregrinations which are judged essential to complete an English gentleman's education. External circumstances seemed to combine in his favour. Happiness and honour, in life were ensured him, at the cost of very moderate exertions on his own part, and those requisite, not to originate, or continue his course—but only to guide it. No one was better apprized than himself, of the precise position he occupied in life; yet the apparent immunity from the cares and anxieties of life, which seemed irrevocably secured to him, instead of producing its natural effect on a well-ordered mind, of stimulating it to honourable action, led to widely different, most unlamentable, but by no means unusual results—a prostitution of his energies and opportunities to the service of fashionable dissipation. The restraints to which, during a long minority, he had been subjected by his admirable mother, who nursed his fortune as sedulously, but more successfully, than she cultivated his mind and morals—served, alas! little other purpose than to whet his appetite for the pleasurable pursuits to which he considered himself entitled, and from which he had been so long and unnecessarily debarred. All these forbidden fruits clustered before him in tempting, but unwholesome splendour, the instant that Oxford threw open its portals to receive him. He found there many spirits as ardent and dissatisfied with past restraints as himself. The principal features of his character were flexibility and credulity; and his leading propensity—one that, like the wrath of Achilles, drew after it innumerable arrows—the love of play.

The first false step he made, was an unfortunate selection of a tutor; a man of agreeable and compliant manners, but utterly worthless in point of character, one who had impoverished himself, when first at College, by gaming, but who, having learned wisdom, was now a subtle and cautious gambler. He was one of a set of notorious *pluckers*, among whom, shameful to relate, were found several young men of rank; and whose business it was to seek out freshmen for their dupes. Eccles—the name I shall give the tutor—was an able mathematician; and that was the only thing that Beauchamp looked to in selecting him. Beauchamp got regularly introduced to the set to which his tutor belonged; but his mother's lively and incessant surveillance put it out of his power to embarrass himself by severe losses. He was long enough, however, apprenticed to guilt, to form the habits and disposition of a gambler. The cunning Eccles, when anxiously interrogated by Mrs. Beauchamp about her son's general conduct, gave his pupil a flourishing character, both for moral excellence and literary attainments, and acquitted him of any tendency to the vices usually prevalent at College. And all this, when Eccles knew that he had seen, but a few weeks before, among his pupil's papers, copies of long bills, accepted payable on his reaching twenty-one—to the tune of £1500; and, further, that he, the tutor himself, was the holder of one of these acceptances, which ensured him £500 for the £300 he had kindly furnished for his pupil! His demure and plausible air quite took with the unsuspecting Mrs. Beauchamp; and she thought it impossible that her son could find a fitter companion to the continent.

On young Beauchamp's return to England, the first thing he did was to dispatch his obsequious tutor into the country, to trumpet his pupil's praises to his mother, and apprise her of his coming. The good old lady was in ecstasies at the glowing colours in which her son's virtues were painted by Eccles;—such uniform moderation and prudence, amidst the seductive scenes of the continent; such shining candour; such noble liberality!—In the fulness of her heart, Mrs. Beauchamp promised the tutor, who was educated for the church, the next presentation to a living which was expected very shortly to fall vacant;—as some small return for the invaluable services he had rendered her son.

It was a memorable day when young Beauchamp, arrived at the Hall in—shire, stood suddenly before his transported mother, in all the pride of person, and of apparent accomplishments. He was indeed a fine young fellow to look at. His well-cast features beamed with an expression of frankness and generosity; and his manners were exquisitely tempered with cordiality and elegance. He had brushed the bloom off continental flowers in passing, and caught their glow and perfume.

It was several minutes before he could disengage himself from the embraces of his mother, who laughed and wept by turns, and uttered the most passionate exclamations of joy and affection. "Oh, that your poor old father could see you!" she sobbed, and almost cried herself into hysterics. Young Beauchamp was deeply moved with this display of parental tenderness. He saw and felt that his mother's whole soul was bound up with his own; and, with the rapid recollections of youth, he had in five minutes changed the whole course and scope of his life—renounced the pleasures of London, and resolved to come and settle on his estates in the country, live under the proud and fond eye of his mother, and, in a word, tread in the steps of his father. He felt suddenly imbued with the spirit of the good old English country gentleman, and resolved to live the life of one. There was, however, a cause in operation, and powerful operation, to bring about this change of feeling, to which I have not yet adverted. His cousin, Ellen Beauchamp, happened to be thought of by her aunt, as a fit person to be staying with her when her son arrived. Yes—the little blue-eyed girl with whom he had romped fifteen years ago, now sat beside him in the bloom of budding womanhood—her peachy cheeks alternately pale and flushed as she saw her cousin's enquiring eye settled upon her, and scanning her beautiful proportions. Mr. Beauchamp took the very first opportunity he could seize of asking his mother, with some trepidation, whether Ellen was engaged?

"I think she is not," replied his delighted mother, busting into tears, and folding him in her arms—"but I wish *scrupulously* would take the earliest opportunity of doing so."

"Ah, ha!—Then she's Mrs. Beauchamp, junior!" replied her son, with enthusiasm. Matters were quickly, quietly, and effectually arranged to bring about that desirable end—as they always are, when all parties understand one another; and young Beauchamp made up his mind to appear in a new character—that of a quiet country gentleman, the friend and patron of an attached tenantry, and a promising aspirant after county honours. What is there in life like the sweet and freshening feelings of the wealthy young squire, stepping into the sphere of his hereditary honours and influences, and becoming at once the revered master of household and tenantry, given grey in his father's service—the prop of his family—and the rising man in the county? Young Beauchamp experienced these salutary and reviving feelings in their full force. They diverted the current of his ambition into a new course, and enabled him keenly to appreciate his own capabilities. The difference between the life he had just determined on, and that he had formerly projected, was simply—so to speak—the difference between being a Triton among minnows, and a minnow among Tritons. There, residing on his own property, surrounded by his own dependents, and by neighbours who were solicitous to secure his good graces, he could feel and enjoy his own consequence. Thus, in every point of view, a country life appeared preferable to one in the gay and whirlpool crowded town.

There was, however, one individual at—Hall, who viewed these altered feelings and projects with no satisfaction; it was Mr. Eccles. This mean and selfish individual saw at once that, in the event of these alterations being carried into effect, his own nefarious services would be instantly dispensed with, and a state of feelings brought into play, which would lead his pupil to look with disgust at the scenes to which he had been introduced at college and on the continent. He immediately set to work to frustrate the plans of his pupil. He selected the occasion of his being sent for one morning by Mr. Beauchamp into his library, to commence operations. He was not discouraged, when his *ex-distant* pupil, whose eyes had really, as Eccles suspected, been opened to the iniquity of his tutor's doings, commenced thanking him in a cold and formal style for his past services, and requested presentation of the bill he held against him for £500, which he instantly paid. He then proceeded, without interruption from the mortified Eccles, to state his regret at being unable to reward his services with a living, at present; but that if it ever were in his power, he might rely on it, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Eccles, with astonishment, mentioned the living of which Mrs. Beauchamp had promised him the reversion; but received an evasive reply from Mr. Beauchamp, who was at length so much irritated at the pertinacity, and even the reproachful tone with which his tutor pressed his claim, that he said sharply, "Mr. Eccles, when my mother made you that promise, she never consulted me, in whose sole gift the living is. And besides, sir, what did she know of our tricks at French Hazard, and Rouge et Noir? She must have thought your skill at play an odd recommendation for the duties of the church." High words, mutual recriminations, and threats, ensued, and they parted in anger. The tutor resolved to make his "ungrateful" pupil repent of his mispconduct, and he lacked neither the

tact nor the opportunities necessary for accomplishing his purpose. The altered demeanour of Mrs. Beauchamp, together with the haughty and constrained civility of her son, soon warned Mr. Eccles that his departure from the Hall could not be delayed; and he very shortly withdrew.

Mr. Beauchamp began to breathe freely, as it were, when the evil spirit, in his tutor's shape, was no longer at his elbow, poisoning his principles, and prompting him to vice and debauchery. He resolved, forthwith, to be all that his tutor had represented him to his mother; to atone for past indiscretions, by a life of sobriety and virtue. All now went on smoothly and happily at the Hall. The new squire entered actively on the duties devolving upon him, and was engaged daily driving his beautiful cousin over his estate, and shewing to his obsequious tenantry their future lady. On what trifling accidents do often the great changes of life depend!—Mr. Beauchamp, after a three months' continuance in the country, was sent for by his solicitor to town, in order to complete the final arrangements of his estate; and which, he supposed, would occupy him but a few days. That London visited to his ruin! It may be recollected that the ex-cavalier Eccles owed his pupil a grudge for the disappointment he had occasioned him, and the time and manner of his dismissal. What does the reader imagine was the diabolical device he adopted, to bring about the utter ruin of his unsuspecting pupil? Apprized of Mr. Beauchamp's visit to London—[Mr. Eccles had removed to lodgings, but a little distance from the Hall, and was of course acquainted with the leading movements of the family]—he wrote the following letter to a Baronet in London, with whom he had been very intimate as a "Plucker" at Oxford—and who having ruined himself by his devotion to play, equally in respect of fortune and character—was now become little else than a downright systematic sharper.

"Dear Sir Edward,—Young Beauchamp, one of our quondam pigeons at Oxford, who has just come of age, will be in London next Friday or Saturday, and put up at his old hotel, the—. He will bear *plucking*. Verily so! The bird is somewhat shy—but you are a good shot. Don't frighten him. He is giving up *life*, and going to turn *Saint*! The fellow has used me curiously ill; he has cut me quite, and refused me old Dr.—'s living. I'll make him repent it! I will by—! Yours ever, most faithfully, PETER ECCLES."

To Sir Edward Streighton.

P. S. If Beauchamp plucks well, you won't press me for the trifle I owe—will you? Burn this note."

This infernal letter, which, by a singular concurrence of events, got into the hands where I saw it, laid the train for such a series of plotting and manœuvring, as, in the end, ruined poor Beauchamp, and gave Eccles his coveted revenge.

When Beauchamp quitted the Hall, his mother and Ellen had the most solemn assurance that his stay in town would not be protracted beyond the week. Nothing but this could quiet the good old lady's apprehensions, who expressed an unaccountable conviction that some calamity or other was about to assail their house. She had had a dreadful dream, she said; but when importuned to tell it, answered, that if Henry came safe home, then she would tell them her dream. In short, his departure was a scene of tears and gloom, which left an impression of sadness on his own mind, that lasted all the way up to town. On his arrival, he betook himself to his old place, the—Hotel, near Piccadilly; and, in order to expedite his business as much as possible, appointed the evening of the very day of his arrival for a meeting with his solicitor.

The morning papers duly apprized the world of the important fact, that Henry Beauchamp, Esquire, had arrived at—s, from his seat in—shire; and scarce ten minutes after he had read the officious announcement at breakfast, his valet brought him the card of Sir Edward Streighton.

"Sir Edward Streighton!" exclaimed Beauchamp, with astonishment, laying down the card; adding, after a pause, with a cold and doubtful air, "Shew in Sir Edward, of course."

In a few moments the baronet was ushered into the room—made up to his old 'friend,' with great cordiality, and expressed a thousand winning civilities. He was attired in a style of fashionable negligence; and his pale emaciated features assured him, at least, the share of a welcome, with which he would not otherwise have been greeted; for Beauchamp, though totally ignorant of the present pursuits and degraded character of his visitor, had seen enough of him in the heyday of dissipation, to avoid a renewal of their intimacy. Beauchamp was touched with the air of languor and exhaustion assumed by Sir Edward, and asked kindly after his health.

The wily Baronet contrived to keep him occupied with that topic for nearly an hour, till he fancied he had established an interest for himself in his destined victim's heart. He told him, with a languid smile, that the moment he saw Beauchamp's arrival in the papers, he had hurried, ill as he was, to pay a visit to his 'old chum,' and talk over 'old times.' In short, after laying out all his powers of conversation, he so interested and delighted his quondam associate, that he extorted a reluctant promise from Beauchamp to dine with him the next evening, on the plausible pretext of his being in too delicate health to venture out himself at night-time. Sir Edward departed, apparently in a

low mood, but really exulting in the success with which he considered he had opened his infernal campaign. He hurried to the house of one of his comrades in guilt, whom he invited to dinner on the morrow. Now, the fiendish object of this man, Sir Edward Streighton, in asking Beauchamp to dinner, was to revive in his bosom the half-extinguished embers of his love for play! There are documents now in existence to show that Sir Edward and his companions had made the most exact calculations of poor Beauchamp's property, and even arranged the proportions in which the expected spoils were to be shared among the complotters! The whole conduct of the affair was intrusted, at his own instance, to Sir Edward; who, with a smile, declared that he 'knew all the crooks and crannies of young Beauchamp's heart;' and that he had already settled his scheme of operations. He was himself to keep for some time in the background, and on no occasion to come forward, till he was sure of his prey.

At the appointed hour, Beauchamp, though not without having experienced some misgivings in the course of the day, found himself seated at the elegant and luxurious table of Sir Edward in company with two of the baronet's "choicest spirits." It would be superfluous to pause over the exquisite wines, and luscious cockery, which were placed in requisition for the occasion, or the various piquant and brilliant conversation that flashed around the table. Sir Edward was a man of talent and observation; and fond as were the scenes in which he had lately passed his life, was full of rapid and brilliant repartee, and piquant sketches of men and manners, without end. Like the poor animal whose palate is for a moment tickled with the bait alluring it to destruction, Beauchamp was in ecstasies! There was besides, such a flattering deference paid to every thing that fell from his lips—so much eager curiosity excited by the accounts he gave of one or two of his foreign adventures—such an interest taken in the arrangements he contemplated for augmenting his estates in—shire, &c. &c. that Beauchamp never felt better pleased with himself nor with his companions. About eleven o'clock, one of Sir Edward's friends proposed a rubber at whist, "thinking they had all of them talked one another hoarse;" but Sir Edward promptly negatived it. "The proposer insisted, but Sir Edward coldly repeated his refusal. 'I am not tired of my friends' conversation, though they may be of mine! And I fancy, Beauchamp,' he continued, shaking his head with a serious air, 'you and I have burnt our fingers too often at college, to be desirous of renewing our pranks.'"

"Why, good God, Sir Edward!" rejoined the proposer, "what do you mean? Are you insinuating that I am fond of *deep play*?—I, I that have been such a sufferer!—How was it that such shallow trickery could not be seen through by a man who knew any thing of the world? The answer is obvious—the victim's penetration had deserted him! Flattery and wine—what will they not lead a man to? In short, the force was so well kept up, that Beauchamp, fancying that he alone stood in the way of the evening's amusements, felt himself called upon to 'beg they would not consult him, if they were disposed for a rubber; as he would make a band with the greatest pleasure imaginable.' The proposer and his friend looked appealingly to Sir Edward.

"Oh! God forbid that I should hinder you, since you're all so disposed," said the Baronet, with a polite air; and in a few minutes the four friends were seated at the whist table. Sir Edward was obliged to send out and buy, or borrow cards! "He really so seldom," &c. &c. especially in his poor health," &c. &c. "There was nothing whatever, in the conduct of the game, calculated to arouse a spark of suspicion. The three confederates acted their parts to admiration, and maintained throughout, the matter-of-fact, listless air of men who have set down to cards, each out of complaisance to the others! At the end of the second rubber, which was a long one, they paused awhile, rose, and betook themselves to refreshments.

"By the way, Apsley," said Sir Edward, suddenly, "have you heard how that extraordinary affair of General—'s, terminated?"

"Decided against him," was the reply; "but I think wrongly. At—'s, naming a celebrated coterie, where the affair was ultimately canvassed, they were equally divided in opinion; and on the strength of it the General swears he won't pay."

"It is certainly one of the most singular things!" "Pray, what might the disputed point be?" enquired Beauchamp, sipping a glass of liqueur.

"Oh, merely a bit of town title-tattle," replied Sir Edward, carelessly, "about a Rouge et Noir bet between Lord— and General—. I dare say you would feel no interest in it whatever."

But Beauchamp did feel interested enough to press his host for an account of the matter; and he presently found himself listening to a story told most graphically by Sir Edward, and artfully calculated to interest and inflame the passions of his hearer. Beauchamp drank in eagerly every word. He could not help identifying himself with the parties spoken of. A Satanic smile flickered occasionally over the countenances of the conspirators, as they beheld these unequivocal indications that their prey was entering their toils. Sir Edward represented the hinge of the story to be a moot point at Rouge et Noir; and when he had concluded, an animated discussion arose. Beauchamp took an active part in the dispute, siding with Mr. Apsley. Sir Edward got *flushed*; and began to express his

self rather heatedly. Beauchamp also felt himself kindling, and involuntarily cooled his ardor with glass after glass of the wine that stood before him. At length out leaped a bold bet from Beauchamp, that he would make the same point with General —. Sir Edward shrugged his shoulders, and with a smile declined 'winning his money,' on a point clear as the Monday sun! Mr. Hillier, however, who was of Sir Edward's opinion, instantly took Beauchamp up; and, for the symmetry of the thing, Apsley and Sir Edward, in spite of the latter's protestation to Beauchamp, betted highly on their respective opinions. Somebody suggested an adjournment to the 'establishment' at — Street, where they might decide the question; and thither, accordingly, after great show of reluctance on the part of Sir Edward, they all four repaired.

The reader need not fear that I am going to dilate upon the sickening horrors of a modern 'Hell' for into such a place did Beauchamp find himself introduced. The infernal splendour of the scene by which he was surrounded, smote his soul with a sense of guilty awe the moment he entered, flushed though he was, and unsteady with wine. A spectral recollection of his mother and Ellen, wreathed with the halos of virtue and purity, glanced across his mind; and for a moment he thought himself in hell! Sick and faint, he sat down for a few moments at an unoccupied table. He felt half determined to rush out from the room. His kind friends perceived his agitation. Sir Edward asked him if he were ill? but Beauchamp, with a sickly smile, referred his sensations to the heated room, and the unusual quantity of wine he had drunk. Half ashamed of himself, and dreading their hunter, he presently rose from his seat and declared himself recovered. After standing some time beside the rouge et noir table, where tremendous stakes were playing for, amidst profound and agitating silence—where he marked the sallow features of General — and Lord —, the parties implicated in the affair mentioned at Sir Edward's table, and who, having arranged their dispute were now over head and ears in a new transaction—the four friends withdrew to one of the private tables to talk over their bet. Alas! half an hour's time beheld them all at hazard!—Beauchamp playing! and with excitement and enthusiasm equalling any one's in the room. Sir Edward maintained the negligent and reluctant air of a man overpersuaded into acquiescence in the wishes of his companions. Every time that Beauchamp shook the fatal dice-box, the pale face of his mother looked at him; yet still he shook, and still he threw—for he won freely from Apsley and Hillier. About four o'clock he took his departure, with bank-notes in his pocket-book to the amount of £95, as his evening's winning.

He walked home to his hotel weary and depressed in spirits, ashamed and enraged at his own weak compliances and irresolution. The thought suddenly struck him, however, that he would make amends for his misconduct, by appropriating the whole of his unhalved gains to the purchase of jewellery for his mother and cousin. Relieved by this consideration, he threw himself on his bed and slept, though uneasily, till a late hour in the morning. His first thought on waking was the last that had occupied his mind over night; but it was in a moment met by another and more startling reflection—What would Sir Edward, Hillier, and Apsley think of him, dragging them to play, and winning their money, without giving them an opportunity of retrieving their losses! The more he thought of it, the more was he embarrassed; and as he tossed about on his bed, the suspicion flashed across his disturbed mind, that he was embroiled with gamblers. With what credit could he skulk from the attack he had himself provoked? Perplexed and agitated with the dilemma he had drawn upon himself, he came to the conclusion, that, at all events, he must invite the baronet and his friends to dinner that day, and give them their revenge, when he might retreat with honor, and forever. Every one who reads these pages will anticipate the event.

Gaming is a magical stream; if you do but wade far enough into it, to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the waters, which draws you irresistibly in, deeper and deeper, till you are sucked into the roaring vortex, and perish. If it were not unduly paradoxical, one might say with respect to gaming, that he has come to the end, who has made a beginning. Mr. Beauchamp postponed the business which he had himself fixed for transaction that evening, and received Sir Edward—who had found out that he could now venture from home at nights—and his two friends, with appearances of cheerfulness and cordiality. In his heart he felt ill at ease; but his uneasiness vanished with every glass of wine he drank. His guests were all men of conversation; and they took care to select the most interesting topics. Beauchamp was delighted. Some slight laughing allusions were made by Hillier and Apsley to their overnight's adventure; but Sir Edward coldly characterised it as an 'absurd affair,' and told them they deserved to suffer as they did. This was exactly the signal for which Beauchamp had long been waiting; and he proposed in a moment that cards and dice should be brought in, to finish the evening with. Hillier and Apsley hesitated; Sir Edward looked at his watch, and talked of the opera. Beauchamp, however, was peremptory, and down they all sat—and to hazard! Beauchamp was fixedly determined to lose that evening a hundred pounds, inclusive of his overnight's winnings; and veiled his purpose so skilfully, that his opponents saw in a moment 'what he was after.' Mr. Apsley laid down the dice-box

with a haughty air, and said, 'Mr. Beauchamp, I do not understand you, sir. You are playing neither with boys nor swindlers; and be pleased, besides, to recollect at whose instance we sat down to this evening's hazard.'

Mr. Beauchamp laughed it off, and protested he did his best. Apsley, apparently satisfied, resumed his play, and their victim felt himself in their meshes—that the 'snare of the fowler was upon him.' They played with various success for about two hours; and Sir Edward was listlessly intimating his intention to have a throw for the first time, 'for company's sake,' when the card of a young nobleman, one of the most profligate of the profligate set whom Beauchamp had known at Oxford, was brought in.

'Ah! Lord —!' exclaimed Sir Edward, with joyful surprise, 'an age since I saw him!—How very strange—how fortunate that I should happen to be here!—Oh, come Beauchamp,—seeing his host disposed to utter a frigid 'not at home,'—come, must ask him in! The very best fellow in life!' Now, Lord — and Sir Edward were bosom friends, equally unprincipled, and that very morning had they arranged this most unexpected visit of his Lordship! As soon as the ably sustained excitement and enthusiasm of his lordship had subsided, he of course assured them that he should leave immediately, unless they proceeded with their play, and he stationed himself as an onlooker beside Beauchamp.

The infernal crew now began to see they had it 'all their own way.' Their tactics might have been finally frustrated, had Beauchamp but possessed sufficient moral courage to yield to the loud promptings of his better judgment, and firmly determined to stop in time. Alas! however, he had taken into his bosom the torpid snake, and kept it there till it revived. In the warmth of excitement he forgot his fears, and his decaying propensities to play were rapidly resuscitated. Before the evening's close, he had entered into the spirit of the game with as keen a relish as a professional gambler! With a sort of frenzy he proposed bets, which the cautious baronet and his coadjutors hesitated, and at last refused, to take! About three o'clock they separated, and on making up accounts they found that no one had lost or gained more than £20. Beauchamp accepted a seat in Lord —'s box at the opera for the next evening; and the one following that he engaged to dine with Apsley. After his guests had retired, he betook himself to bed, with comparatively none of those heart-smittings which had kept him sleepless the night before. The men with whom he had been playing were evidently no professional gamblers, and he felt himself safe in their hands.

To the opera, pursuant to promise, he went, and to Apsley's. At the former he recognized several of his college acquaintances; and at the latter's house he spent a delightful evening, never having said better things, and never being more flatteringly attended to; and the night's social enjoyment was wound up with a friendly rubber for stakes laughably small. This was Sir Edward's scheme, for he was not, it will be recollected, to 'frighten the bird.' The doomed Beauchamp retired to rest, better satisfied with himself and his friends than ever; for he had transacted a little real business during the day; written two letters to the country, and despatched them, with a pair of magnificent bracelets to Ellen; played the whole evening at unpretending whist, and won two guineas, instead of accompanying Lord — and Hillier to the establishment in — Street, where he might have lost hundreds. A worthy old English Bishop says, 'The devil then maketh sure of us, when we do make sure of ourselves,'—a wise maxim! Poor Beauchamp now began to feel confidence in his own strength of purpose. He thought he had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. He was as deeply convinced as ever of the pernicious effects of an inordinate love of play; but had he that passion? No! He recollected the healthful thrill of horror and disgust with which he listened to Lord —'s entreaties to accompany him to the gaming-house, and was satisfied. He took an early opportunity of writing home, to apprise his mother and cousin that he intended to continue in town a month or six weeks, and assigned satisfactory reasons for his protracted stay. He wrote in the warmest terms to both of them, and said he should be counting the days till he threw himself in their arms. 'Tis this tiresome Twister, our attorney, that must answer for my long stay. There is no quickening his phlegmatic disposition! When I would hurry and press him, he shrugs his shoulders and says there is no doing law by *steam*. He says he fears the Chancery affairs will prove very tedious; and they are in such a state just now, that were I to return into the country, I should be summoned up to town again in a twinkling. Now I am here, I will get all this business fairly off my hands. So, by this day six weeks, dearest coz, expect to see at your feet, yours eternally,—H. B.

But, alas, that day saw Beauchamp in a new and startling character—that of an infuriated gambler!—During that fatal six weeks, he had lost several thousand pounds, and had utterly neglected the business which brought him up to town,—for his whole heart was with French Hazard and Rouge et Noir! Even his outward appearance had undergone a strange alteration. His cheeks and forehead wore the sallow hue of dissipation—his eyes were weak and bloodshot—his hands trembled—and every movement indicated the highest degree of nervous irritability. He had become vexed and out of temper with all about him, but especially with himself, and never could 'bring

himself up to par' till seven or eight o'clock in the evening, at dinner, when he was warming with wine. The first thing in the morning, also, he felt it necessary to fortify himself against the agitations of the day, by a smart draught of brandy or liqueur! If the mere love of temporary excitement had been sufficient in the first instance, to allure him on to play, the desire for retrieving his losses now supplied a stronger motive for persevering in his dangerous and destructive career. Ten thousand pounds, the lowest amount of his losses, was a sum he could not afford to lose, without very serious inconvenience. Gracious God!—what would his aged mother—what would Ellen say, if they knew the mode and amount of his losses!—The thought distracted him! He had drawn out of his banker's hands all the floating balance he had placed there on arriving in town; and, in short, he had been at last compelled to mortgage one of his favourite estates for £5000;—and how to conceal the transaction from his mother, without making desperate and successful efforts to recover himself at play, he did not know. He had now got inextricably involved with Sir Edward and his set, who never allowed him a moment's time to come to himself, but were ever ready with diversified sources of amusement.—Under their damned tutelage Beauchamp commenced the systematic life of a 'man about town,'—in all except the fouler and grosser vices, to which, I believe he was never addicted.

His money flew about in all directions. He never went to the establishments in — street, but his overnight's I. O. U.'s stared him in the face the next morning like reproachful fiends! and he was daily accumulating bills at the fashionable tradesmen's, whom he gave higher prices, to ensure longer credit. While he was compelled to write down confidentially to old Pritchard, his agent for money, almost every third or fourth post, his correspondence with his mother and cousin gradually slackened, and his letters, short as they were, indicated effort and constraint on the part of the writer. It was long, very long, before Mrs. Beauchamp suspected that any thing was going wrong. She was completely cajoled by her son's accounts of the complicated and harassing affairs in Chancery, and considered that circumstance fully to account for the brevity and infrequency of his letters. The quicker eyes of Ellen, however, soon saw, in the chilling shortness and formality of his letters to her, that even if his regard for her personally were not diminishing, he had discovered such pleasurable objects in town as enabled him to bear, with great fortitude, the pangs of absence!

Gaming exerts a deadening influence upon all the faculties of the soul, that are not immediately occupied in its dreadful service. The heart it utterly withers; and it was not long, therefore, before Beauchamp was fully aware of the altered state of his feelings towards his cousin, and satisfied with them. Play—play—PLAY, was the name of his new and tyrannical mistress! Need I utter such commonplaces as to say, that the more Beauchamp played, the more he lost; that the more he lost, the deeper he played; and that the less chance there was the more reckless he became? I cannot dwell on this dreary portion of my narrative. It is sufficient to inform the reader that employed in the way I have mentioned, Beauchamp protracted his stay in London to five months. During this time he had actually gambled away three fourths of his whole fortune. He was now both ashamed and afraid of returning home. Letters from his poor mother and Ellen accumulated upon him, and often lay for weeks unanswered. Mrs. Beauchamp had once remonstrated with him on allowing any of his affairs to keep him so long in town under the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed with respect to Ellen; but she received such a tart reply from her son as effectually prevented her future interference. She began to grow very uneasy—and to suspect that something or other unfortunate had happened to her son. Her fears hurried her into a disregard of her son's menaces; and at length she wrote up privately to Mr. Twister, to know what was the state of affairs, and what kept Mr. Beauchamp so harrassingly employed. The poor old lady received for answer—that the attorney knew of nothing that need have detained Mr. Beauchamp in town beyond a week; and that he had not been to Mr. Twister's office for several months!

Pritchard, Mr. Beauchamp's agent, was a quiet and faithful fellow, and managed all his master's concerns with the utmost punctuality and secrecy. He had been elevated from the rank of a common servant in the family to his present office, which he had filled for thirty years, with unspotted credit. He had been a great favourite with old Mr. Beauchamp, who committed him to the kindness of Mrs. Beauchamp, and requested her to continue him in his present office till his son arrived at his majority. The good old man was therefore thoroughly identified with the family interests; and it was natural that he should feel both disquietude and alarm at the demands for money, unprecedented in respect of amount and frequency, made by Mr. Beauchamp during his stay in town.—He was kept in profound darkness as to the destination of the money; and confounded at having to forward up to London the title-deeds and papers relating to most of the property. 'What can my young squire be driving at?' said Pritchard to himself; and as he could devise no satisfactory answer, he began to fume and fret, and to indulge in melancholy speculations. He surmised that 'all was not going on right at London;' for he was too much a man of business to be cajoled by the flimsy reasons assigned by Mr.

Beauchamp for requiring the estate papers. He began to suspect that his young master was 'taking bad courses;' but being enjoined silence at his peril, he held his tongue, and shrugging his shoulders, 'hoped the best.' He longed every day to make or find, an opportunity for communicating with his old mistress; yet how could he break his master's confidence, and risk the threatened penalty!—He received, however, a letter one morning which decided him. The fearful contents were as follows:—

'Dear and faithful old Pritchard—There are now only two ways in which you can shew your regard for me—profound secrecy, and immediate attention to my directions. I have been engaged for some time in delusive speculations in London, and have been dreadfully unfortunate. I must have fifteen; or at the very lowest, ten thousand pounds, by this day week, or be ruined; and I purpose raising that sum by a mortgage on my property in —shire. I can see no other possible way of meeting my engagements, without compromising the character of our family—the honour of my name. Let me, therefore, have all the needful papers in time, in two days' time at the latest.—Dear old man!—for the love of God, and the respect you bear my father's memory, keep all this to yourself, or consequences may follow, which I tremble to think of! I am, &c. &c. HENRY BEAUCHAMP.'

'—hotel, 4 o'clock, A. M.'

This letter was written with evident hurry and trepidation; but not more than its perusal occasioned the afflicted steward. He dropped it from his hands, elevated them and his eyes towards heaven, and turned deadly pale. He trembled from head to foot, and the only words he uttered were in a low moaning tone—'Oh, my poor old master! Wouldn't it raise your bones out of the grave? Could he any longer delay telling his mistress of the dreadful past things were come to?'

After an hour or two spent in terror and tears, he resolved, come what might, to set off for the Hall, seek an interview with Mrs. Beauchamp, and disclose every thing. He had scarce got half way, when he was met by one of the hall servants, who stopped him, saying—'Oh, Mr. Steward, I was coming down for you. Mistress is in a way this morning, and wants to see you directly.'

The old man hardly heard him out, and hurried on as fast as possible to the Hall, which was pervaded with an air of excitement and surprise. He was instantly conducted into Mrs. Beauchamp's private room. The good old lady sat in her easy-chair, her pallid features, full of grief, and her grey locks straying in disorder from under the border of her cap. Every limb was in a tremor. On one side of her sat Ellen, in the same agitated condition as her aunt; and on the other stood a table, with brandy, hartshorn, &c. &c. and an open letter.

'Be seated, Pritchard,' said the old lady, faintly. The steward placed his chair beside the table. 'Why, what is the matter with you, Pritchard?' enquired Miss Beauchamp, startled by the agitation and fright manifested in the steward's countenance. He drew his hand across his forehead, and stammered that he was grieved to see them in such trouble, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Beauchamp putting the open letter into his hand, and telling him to read it. The steward could scarce adjust his glasses, for he trembled like an aspen leaf. He read—

'Madam,—My client, Lady Hester Gripe, having consented to advance a further sum of £22,000, to Mr. Henry Beauchamp, your son, on mortgage of his estates in —shire, I beg to know whether you have any annuity or rent-charge issuing therefrom, and if so, to what amount. I beg you will consider this enquiry strictly confidential, as between Lady Hester and Mr. Beauchamp, or the negotiations will be broken off; for her ladyship's extreme caution has induced her to break through my promise to Mr. Beauchamp, of not allowing you, or any one else, to know of the transaction. As, however, Mr. Beauchamp said that even if you did know, it was not of much consequence, I presume I have not gone very far wrong in yielding to her ladyship's importunities. May I beg the favour of a reply, per return of post. I have the honor, &c. &c. &c. Fumival's Inn, London.'

Before the staggered steward had got through half this letter, he was obliged to lay it down for a moment or two, to recover from his trepidation.

(To be continued.)

Wholesome and nutritious Bread from Saw-dust.
—To be restricted to a diet of saw dust, would, a short time since, and by many at the present day will still, be considered a sentence of death by starvation; but the investigations of the chemist have shown him, that even from this unpromising substance a wholesome, nutritive and palatable bread may be obtained. Famine is now rendered almost impossible, until at least our forests have been consumed, by which time we may trust a sufficient crop of wheat and corn will be raised, or the means of obtaining food from brick-dust will be discovered.—But the production of a nutritive bread from saw-dust and chips is no joke—it is an actual fact. The experiments of M. Autenreith, of Tubingen, on the conversion of lignin, or the woody fibre, into food, are thus detailed by Dr. Prout, in his learned paper in the Philosophical Transactions, on the ultimate composition of elementary substances. M. Autenreith takes a piece of wood, and by frequent soaking and boiling, separates from it every thing which is soluble in water. The wood thus purified, is then

duced to saw-dust, repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, and finally ground into flour. It requires the addition of heaven, after which, in the ordinary process, it makes a uniform, spongy bread. The color is rather yellowish; but when well baked and crusty, it is not only very nutritious, but much superior in every respect to the brown bread made of the bran and husks of corn flour.

To that class of extremely witty gentlemen who are in the habit of ridiculing every thing which is proposed as a means of preserving health, we beg leave to say, that the above is given to our readers merely as an article of curious information—we have not seen nor tasted saw-dust bread ourselves; and do not therefore, as it is understood, recommend it in the place of good wholesome bread and butter. The mode of converting the process of bread baking into a means of poisoning the nation, has gone the round of the newspapers; we trust that it will, at least not pass over in silence the new source of ailments in saw-dust, to which attention is now directed.—*Journal of Health.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. KEESE.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1836.

A DIALOGUE.

ON THE MILITIA SYSTEM.

Principal Speakers, General Gaggins, Major Mule, and Squire Scroggs—all Members of the Legislature—and a Militia Soldier.

Gen. Gagg. The conduct of these fellows is scandalous—disgraceful. What! shall they presume to shake our militia system—the pride of our laws—the backbone of our independence—the safeguard of our liberty? By heavens, it is too bad.

Sq. Scroggs. It is indeed, General, altogether too bad—it is unpardonable. What! shall the young men of our country, who have neither money nor education—nor other office nor employment—nor power nor influence—I say, shall these obscure, pitiful, puny little persons rise up in rebellion against the sovereign will of our legislators? Shall they endeavor to bring into ridicule and contempt our most potent and unchallengeable laws? Shall they dare to point the finger of scorn at any thing which emanates from our wise and learned and most *felible* body?

Maj. Mule. Not while I have the honor to wield a sword—not while I wear an epaulet—no, sooner shall my heels be hacked from my spurs, and my choppo-brass turned into an old woman's night-cap.

Soldier. As it ought to be, for that old woman's head of yours.

Maj. Mule. What! you unmanly scoundrel! do you presume to insult me—a field officer of the militia!

Soldier. I beg your pardon, sir—I insult no man.

Maj. Mule. Nor you hadn't best—for, mark me, sir, I'm not a man to take an insult tamely.

Soldier. Just as you please, sir.

Maj. Mule. These upstarts are not to be endured.

Gen. Gagg. They're outrageous. I wonder, upon my soul, you didn't knock the fellow down.

Maj. Mule. I had a great mind to—didn't you see how I stepped up to him? But the truth of it is, General Gaggins, I didn't wish to raise a *rup-roar*, and get myself into a scrape. But, cool as I am now, General, you'll find me stick to the militia like wax.

Neither prayers, nor petitions, nor arguments, nor ridicule, nor any thing else shall ever move me to desert the cause. No, perish the whole lot of 'em!

Soldier. Bravo, Major! you'll act in character then—for milites are always obstinate.

Maj. Mule. Sir! (*fiercely*)—But you are beneath my notice. As for you and your rebellious comrades—if I was so minded—I could mow off your heads like I could the heads of so many cabbages.

Soldier. But recollect, redoubtable Major, you are but one against a host.

Maj. Mule. But am not I a field officer? am not I a member of the Legislature? am not I more powerful and of more consequence than a thousand such fellows as you, who are, as you ought to be, doomed to carry a musket?

Soldier. Certainly, Major Mule, you are very powerful, and very consequential. But, luckily for us, we are not at your disposal, except on a field day. That you would make prodigious havoc amongst a yard of unresisting cabbages, I have not the least doubt—but against men—

Gen. Gagg. Why don't you stop that fellow's mouth for him?—why don't you?

Maj. Mule. Oh, that I had my sword here! I'd cleave him down, low as he is—I'd split him to the very bricket. Oh, that I had my sword!

Soldier. Wouldn't a cleaver answer better, Major? I'm afraid you'd be rather awkward in handling a gentleman's weapon.

Maj. Mule. I shall split.

Soldier. You shan't split me, I'm determined.

Gen. Gagg. Fellow, you are too saucy. You ought to be gagged.

Soldier. It would be in character for you to undertake it, General Gaggins.

Gen. Gagg. You, and fellows of your stamp have grown impudent of late. The success of your ridiculous attempt upon the militia system has made you bold. But I tell you, sir, it won't answer; we won't endorse it. No, sir, we'll make you rue the day you ever undertook to bring our glorious militia law into contempt.

Soldier. I don't doubt your disposition, General; but how will you work it?

Gen. Gagg. We'll have a law passed to prevent your ridiculing the militia. Ay, sir, we'll make it penal for any man so much as to say a word against it—let alone bringing it into contempt by your villainous barbaque parody.

Soldier. That would be gagging indeed. But hark ye, General Gaggins, it's my opinion you gags laws won't go down. As for the militia system, it cannot stand in its present state. It is too unequal—too unjust—too burdensome—too odious. The people are every where thoroughly convinced of this, and will act accordingly.

Sq. Scroggs. The people! Ha, ha, ha!—the people! very pretty indeed when the people undertake to direct our legislators! I tell you, young man, the people have nothing to do with the subject. It belongs solely to us, who are chosen to legislate for them, to make and sustain what laws we please. Burdensome, do you say? Why only look at me—I bear them well enough—I find no fault at all with the militia system—I do not feel it burdensome.

Soldier. Neither does any other *exempt*. But this is one of the most odious characteristics of that odious system. Men holding fat offices are freed from the burden of military duty, while we poor fellows, whose earnings can scarcely support us, have to bear the whole load.

Sq. Scroggs. That is as it should be. What else is a poor man fit for, except to bear the burdens of the rich? The poor have no property to protect, and therefore it is no more than right that they should bear all the burden of protecting that of the rich.—What! shall they be like the dog in the *manner*—because they have no wealth of their own to defend, shall they grumble at defending ours?

Maj. Mule. You say right, Squire Scroggs—perfectly right. That is the true principle of our republican institutions.

Soldier. Of which, Major Mule, you are a very worthy exponent!

Maj. Mule. Worthy, say you! (*fiercely*)—I understand your riles and geers.

Soldier. I'm glad to hear you understand any thing.

Maj. Mule. You're too knowing, sir, for a fellow of your cloth.

Soldier. Faith, Major, I can't return the compliment. (*Groing*) How long will the people disgrace themselves, and bind the burdens upon their own shoulders by sending such men to legislate for them? Militia generals, colonels, majors! rich aristocratic exemptions! proud, ignorant, and imperious block-heads! (*Exit*).

Gen. Gagg. Wrath and vengeance! this is insufferable. What! shall these fellows not only ridicule our laws—but presume even to insult our persons? The people enjoy too much liberty.

Sq. Scroggs. It is indeed enough to provoke a saint. And yet, when we think of it coolly, it is hardly worth a while to get in a passion. These opposers of the militia system can't effect nothing. All their struggles are in vain. We are the legislators.

Maj. Mule. That's true, Squire, we have it all our own way—and as long as we are members of the Legislature, we will have it so; we'll maintain the militia system with all its rigors.

Gen. Gagg. You're right, gentlemen—my worthy colleagues, you are perfectly right. And though the saucy boldness and rebellious spirit of the anti-militia fellows make my very blood boil, I'll endeavor to be cool! As you say, we have it all our own way. We have the power in our own hands, and we'll use it. We'll but turn the screws the tighter the more the people complain of the torture.

Maj. Mule. Bravo, General! I'm glad to see such spirit. We'll hold on to the cyster-suppers and the champagne yet. The militia fines pay for them—

Gen. Gagg. Ay, and they shall pay for them as long as we have a majority of militia officers in the Legislature. We should be flattered indeed to give up these privileges. Twelve dollars' fine is not to be sneezed at.

Sq. Scroggs. No, that it is not—it is a prodigious fine thing. I know a little something about it, hey, General! since you are so good as to invite me to a share in the suppers and the champagne. My mouth waters now at the very thoughts of them. No, Gen-

eral Gaggins—no, Major Mule—never shall the burdens of the militia system be lightened with my consent. The people say they are oppressive—be it so—I am *exempt*, and mean to continue so while I have my senses. I'm not such a ninny as to be in favor of a system which shall place any share of the burden on my shoulders.

Maj. Mule. Bravo! bravo! Squire Scroggs—I'm glad to hear you talk so. With such men in the civil ranks to back us in the military, there's no fear of our cause. We shall come off victorious, let who will dare oppose us.

Gen. Gagg. Squire Scroggs, will you help us crack a bottle of champagne?

Sq. Scroggs. Thank you, General—thank you. For my part I wonder how any man of sense can think of finding fault with our militia system. I'm determined to stick to it till I'm blue.

REVIEWERS EXTRA.

JEREMY LEVIs, who, throughout his "Sixty Years," has expressed very little love for the text book, but on the contrary has some severe hits upon the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh Review, etc., gives the following satirical account of the establishment of a similar periodical:—

"I am about, Mr. LevIs, to set up a review with your old friend, Sergeant Splint."

"A review! Sergeant Splint! O, I suppose you mean a military review, Mr. Drummer."

"Not at all, sir. The sergeant has retired from the service—being, in fact, served out of it—and we have entered into partnership in the literary trade."

"The devil! But surely you are not serious?"

"Indeed, by cock I am, sir! never was more so, I am to conduct a review as I have said."

"A review?"

"And why not a review, sir? I flatter myself I have as much opulence as any man, either in or out of the profession—and then, sir, I measure exactly six feet, four inches, and seven-eighths, in my stockings; so that, without presumption, I can overlook or look down upon any author—no matter of how high a standing he may be."

"Bravo!—But Sergeant Splint! the man has had an education."

"And what of that? It isn't needed; he can pretend to have had one. A man you know can quote from a book he never read; and just as one knows my Lord Such-a-one, and his grace of So-and-so, by having heard their names, so he can talk of his acquaintances, Tully, Virgil and Cicero, with a familiarity truly edifying to common readers. Besides, Mr. LevIs, the sergeant has a deal of wicked humor in his composition. It is a rough diamond to be sure; but then it is solid, and, with the aid of a little cutting from me, we can make it a brilliant. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied! glorious! I suppose you'd have no subscribers?"

"Exactly so, sir."

"Let me see your list. Why, this is prodigious! Three hundred already! and some too men of the highest fashion!"

"Yes, gad! the two noblemen who head the list subscribed, partly out of friendship for your humble servant, and partly because I had played at their particular desire, the part of Orecid's uncle in the green-room; and the rest added their names out of friendship to the two first. O, they couldn't refuse, Mr. LevIs—no more than you can."

Jeremy subscribed, or became accountable, for thirty copies; and proceeds to say—"For many years the firm of Splint and Drummer (composed of an ex-sergeant and a strolling player) conducted the best Review that has ever appeared in Great Britain; but alas! in an evil hour the Quarterly offered a large bribe to Drummer, and he enlisted himself under its banner. The Edinburgh, hearing of this powerful accession to its rival's force, immediately made a like overture to the sergeant; and thus the firm was broken up."

THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN. The following article, which has been going the rounds, has been erroneously credited to the Journal of Health. It is an extract from the new novel of *Jeremy LevIs*.

"Of all professions, that of medicine is the most anxious, the most disagreeable, the most thankless. Forced to humor the capricious, to soothe the irritable, to persuade the headstrong; to mingle in scenes which even familiarity cannot divest of their loathsomeness; to feel the gnawing of anxiety when fathers, husbands, and brothers confide their dearest interests to your skill—still more, when with the life of your patient your own reputation lies at stake—and then, when all is done that man can do, to have your services requited with a grudging hand, and unthankful heart—such is the life of a physician! Nay, even in the eyes of those who should know how to appreciate your merits, you will find that the discharge of the

pecuniary debt cancels all obligation. As if money could repay such services as ours! Remember, Jeremy, I speak of the better (would I could say the greater!) part of the profession: for, as for those whose only object is to earn a living, who would draw the last drop from the veins of their victim, could they but coin it into gold—Nephew! a quack you shall net be! I will bury you with this hand first!

"Believe me, this is no fanciful picture. If you be of an impatient temper, if your character be proud and finely sensitive, I warn you—study not medicine."

DR. MITCHELL—SNEEZING ATTENDED. That the late Dr. Mitchell was distinguished for his literature, science, and philanthropy, is generally known and acknowledged; and that he was a man of wit, is averred in the History of Dr. Faustus. But he seems in one thing to have been most unfortunately overlooked—namely, an admirable faculty of sneezing—for which, at least on one occasion, he received unbounded applause. The case was this:—He was present at an introductory lecture on Chemistry, given by Dr. Reese. There were also present a great number of medical students. When the lecturer had got warmly engaged in portraying the importance of the subject on which his future lectures were to be given, Dr. Mitchell put forth a most astounding sneeze. He had no idea, as far as we have been able to ascertain, of sneezing the sneeze-station; but having once begun, he found it no easy matter to stop. He sneezed again—and again—and the more he attempted to suppress these nasal demonstrations, the louder he sneezed. The whole audience was electrified. With unanimous consent they began to clap their hands, and so long and loud a burst of applause was never before heard within those walls. The venerable Doctor did not expect this—his sneezing had been no clap-net—and he looked round upon the students with no little surprise and confusion, at such an unlooked for proof of their admiration.

Dr. Mitchell, as far as we know, is the first man who was ever publicly applauded for sneezing. The anecdote we have detailed was attested by hundreds—but has never before appeared in print; and we are happy to be the first to place on record an event of such moment; and to add another gem to the bright ornaments of a great and worthy man.

ANOTHER ARNOLD.

We say another Arnold, in allusion to him of the Revolution. But we should wrong the memory of that distinguished traitor, by comparing with him the *Riv*, actor in the following scene of cruelty. "Mr. Samuel Arnold was a preacher of the gospel in the town of Ossipee, N. H. Having no child of his own, he went to a poor widow, a member of his church, and offered to take a son of hers, about four years old, and bring him up as his own. The widow consented, and the child accompanied the clergyman home. About three months after this, in the winter of 1830, early one morning, before breakfast, the boy was called to read—but we will give the statement as taken in evidence before the Superior Court, and published in the New-Hampshire Patriot:—

"When he came to the word *utter or gutter*, he could not (or would not, as Arnold wished to have it understood,) spell or pronounce it. Arnold told the child to read and pronounce the word, or he would whip him until he did—the child did not, and Arnold then put six sticks, the size of which was variously described by the witnesses. Doctor Boyden, then their family physician, who saw the last ends of them in the cellar after the whippers, testified that some of them were as large as his life finger, while Pamela P. Smith, an inmate in Arnold's family, said they were not much larger than a pipe stem, and not longer than her arm—that Arnold then put the six sticks into the embers, sufficiently warmed and then twisted them in order that they should be tougher and last longer. Having thus prepared the sticks, he made the child until he was naked as when born, then took him down into the cellar, thus naked, in the month of January, in order that his screams and screams might not alarm the neighborhood; he then tied a silk handkerchief tight round the wrist of the boy's right arm—then raised the arm and fastened the other end of the handkerchief to an iron dove into a post in the cellar; he then took the child by the wrist of the left arm, and by pulling him from the post to which the other arm was fastened, could raise his feet from the cellar bottom. Thus situated, he commenced whipping the child, and continued until he wore up the sticks and exhausted himself. He then got his chase whip, which was described as a lock about three feet long, with a common sized lash fixed upon the end of it, and then Miss Pamela P. Smith took hold of the little child's wrist in the place of Arnold, and pulled the child out, while Arnold stepped as far back as the length of the horse-whip required, and continued to whip the child with that until Arnold said the child *nichted*. The child was then brought up out of the cellar, its shirt put on, and this Pamela

P. Smith testified that it ate a hearty breakfast and was put to bed, when she was immediately sent by Arnold after the Doctor.

Dr. Boyden arrived at Arnold's about 8 o'clock the same morning, found the child in bed, froth upon its lips and each corner of its mouth, in a state of insensibility, or to use the words of the witness, "in a comatose state," examined the body of the child, and from its ankles to its neck, upon its legs, back, and sides, no one place large enough to lay his finger, not cut and scarred by the whip-lash or sticks could be found; and, except the face, was not upon the skin, the whole surface resembled in color, sole leather, tanned with hemlock bark, very thickly striped with dark purple, and this seemed to be the amount of the testimony of all the witnesses as to the appearance of the child. The Doctor called for warm water and a sponge, with which he first removed the blood from the body of the child, covered its body with cloths with a mixture of turpentine and oil, and put the child into hot water, returned it to bed, gave it medicine, and directed posturing to be put upon its back and breasts. Visited at two or three times, and was of opinion, that without early medicine and careful nursing, the child would have been in great danger of death by the inflammation. It is supposed that the next day after this outrage, the members of Arnold's men and others came to the meeting house, gathered near Arnold's residence, to attend a solemn meeting as usual, but, upon hearing of the corpse of their pastor, were obliged to go and look at the child; the sight was so ghastly, that they could directly leave, and Arnold had too much pride to enter the sanctuary of the Lord that day, as the professor and founder of him who "took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The jury could not agree on a verdict, and Arnold was finally discharged. It was said that he was poor, and if convicted, would have to be in prison at the expense of the country; that if discharged, he would immediately leave the state, and not return. The plea of expense to the country was a very lame one, for the Rev. gentlemen might have been sent to the state prison to hammer granite—a soft article, by the way, compared with his heart—but which hard or soft—enables hundreds of better culprits to earn their livelihood, and bring some revenue to the state.

This half-hearted wretch is now preaching somewhere in Connecticut; and is said to be very zealous at religious meetings, and other means of religious excitement.

GRAND SEA TURTLE. Among other wrecks in the late gale was that of an enormous turtle, which went ashore on the Point at West Farms. He was taken two or three days afterwards, brought to the city, and sold to the proprietors of the American Museum for the very considerable sum of five hundred dollars.—His weight is stated to have been 1482 pounds. The children began to smack their lips, as soon as they heard of his arrival; and had he lived long enough to be killed, he would have made a glorious Corporation dinner. But he died soon after his arrival—as is supposed—of the apoplexy. And indeed this supposition, as to the cause of his death, is fully supported by the exceeding shortness of his neck, and the vast quantity of fat wherewith he was overloaded. We saw this monarch of turtles lying in state the day after his death, and heard the admiring spectators, as they stood around him in crowds, exclaim—"What a pity!" Those who have not seen him, should regret without delay to the American Museum.

CLIMAX OF GENIUS. The United States Gazette, speaking of the Dramatic writers that adorned the Shakespearean age, raises the following elegant climax:—"If one ascended the mountain of Parnassus, the Alpine height of Massinger still frowned above; that attained, Beaumont and Fletcher were yet to be climbed; from their eminence the besting summit of Jonson were discernible; above them were desecrated, in unattainable majesty, the cloud-capt towers of SHAKESPEARE."

Rescued, by Mrs. Sherwood, author of "The Lady of the Manor," "Little Henry and his Bear," &c. &c. 3 vols. 13 mo. New-York, J. & J. Harper, 1831.

Mrs. Sherwood is well known, in common with many of her contemporaries, as an agreeable writer of fiction. But this is not the extent of her character as an author; she has an object beyond the mere amusement of her readers—to wit, the improvement of the mind, by blending moral and religious instruction with interesting narrative—or, perhaps, more properly speaking, making that narrative a pleasant vehicle for the conveyance of such instruction. Such is the laudable design of the present work. In what manner it is executed, we shall be better able to judge by and by. In the mean time we would assure our readers, such of them as are unacquainted with the previous works of Mrs. Sherwood, that those works afford no feeble guarantee for the value of the one just published.

HEWITT'S MUSIC. Mr. James L. Hewitt, No. 137 Broadway, is doing much in the musical way—we mean in the publication of Music—which he does in most excellent style—on sky-blue, orange, pink, and other colored paper, calculated to please a lady's eye. He has sent us several specimens (we wish he had sent us along with them a musical talent) of Songs, Marches, Gallopedes, &c. Among them is the "Archer Boy," in sky-blue; the "Minstrel to his Harp," in orange; "Prince Leopold's Grand March," in pink; "The Leipzig Gallopede," in bright yellow; and the "Rover's Bride," in pure white, as brides always appear; besides various other pieces, as the advertisers of an evening say, too tedious to mention.

ANTIQUITY OF STAGE-COACHES. A late number of the London & West Monthly Magazine has the following version of a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries—*Veni summe cunctis*, "he came on top of a diligence—proving most conclusively, according to the Latin words, that stage-coaches were used in Gaul, or France, nearly two thousand years ago.

MASSANIello. The new Opera of Massaniello was produced at the Park on Monday evening. It had been several months in preparation, and much expense had out to bring it before the public to the best advantage. These efforts have been eminently successful. We have never seen any piece appear better on a first representation. The music is charming; the scenery grand and beautiful; and the scenes are interspersed with dances of a novel and very amusing description. Mr. Sinclair was encored; Mrs. Sharpe admired; and Mrs. Barrymore applauded. The whole company had got their parts well, and every thing was performed to the great satisfaction of the audience. This opera, if we mistake not, will have an excellent run.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE. Among the various sources of attraction and amusement with which this great city abounds, the theatre at Richmond Hill is by no means to be overlooked. These stars of the first magnitude, Mr. Cooper and Mrs. Duff, have been diffusing their light on full houses; and Mr. Holland, who is rather to be classed with the comets than the stars, has been affording a world of fun and laughter, by his amusing eccentricities. Miss Rock is engaged for the present.

But these are not the only advantages of the new Theatre. The saloons, also, have an attraction, in the article of good coffee. Is it possible! we hear the reader exclaim—good coffee at a theatre! Strange as such a thing may seem, we assure you, gentle reader, that such is absolutely the fact at RICHMOND HILL.

JOHN SCRATCHPATE, THE AUTHOR.

The hero of our present history, John Scratchpate, was a youth who (according to his own statement) had been born a Genius and became possessed of the most unbounded talents.

He had not been long at school, whither he was sent by his fond parents, when he became so confident of his infinite superiority to his master, that he insulted the worthy man on several occasions.

But at one time having proceeded too far, he received a severe flogging, in consequence whereof he was removed from under the dominion of the Tyrant as the afirebrand master was by John denominated.

Soon after his leaving school, he was seized with the scribbling mania, and longed to become an author. For that purpose he had a room provided for his private use in his father's house somewhat more comfortable, than the garrets of various poets. Here he spent many hours in ransacking the rather scanty storehouse of his ideas, and manufacturing sundry pieces of dry, and talentless composition, such as have emanated from the cranium of a certain person, whose hand was more than once near the paper on which this history (if so it may be called) was written.

John's first articles were inserted in the newspaper of the County in which he resided, which paper was styled "The Weekly Herald," and edited by a certain Joseph Quibble, who published John's articles for the following reasons, viz: That the Parents of John were rich, and consequently when a guest was invited, were able to furnish a sumptuous repast,—that he (Joseph Quibble,) was in favor of encouraging native talent and also of filling the columns of his paper, which, although of no great or extraordinary dimensions, he found to be of a very hungry disposition.

When John saw his first communications in print, he became delighted; when he saw what

he wrote printed in a newspaper; when he saw others reading the effusions of his brain, he thought he had arrived at the summit of glory's highest peak. He would carry the paper which possessed his dear offspring, in his pocket, and collecting the neighbors read it for them; after which by the exclamation of "I wrote it!" he would astonish them and cause the same wonder which the school-master of Goldsmith called forth from the "gazing crowd" in the display of his argumentative powers. Those to whom John had not read the production, were saluted by him with, "Have you seen what I wrote, or some other question equally expressive of his anxiety as to the general diffusion of a knowledge of his abilities.

This delight, however, soon subsided, and in a few months neither John nor his admirers thought of what, so short a time before, had pleased them so much—John became more ambitious; he wished to produce something more voluminous, than an article for a newspaper, and for that purpose set about writing a novel. He was three years in finishing this new work of his fancy; at the end of which time, report says, (I will not vouch for the truth of the herald) that he was completely bald and toothless, in consequence of the perpetual scratching of his pate in order to force his ideas from their lurking places, and the perpetual cawing of the quill attendant upon such scratching. That part of his hand also which rested on the paper while writing had been so worn that he lost his little finger.

The work being finished, his next care was to have it published. He was a little troubled to find a publisher. The aforesaid editor however undertook to usher it into the world. There was not a single (or married) person, far, or near, who was not made acquainted with the fact of the coming forth of John's work, as well by his industry in putting the report in circulation, as by a little paragraph in the "herald" as follows viz:

"In the press and will speedily be produced 'The Knight of Love, or dark Adventures' a novel by the distinguished writer, John Scratchpate."

The sum of John's glory was now indeed at meridian. He daily visited the publisher, and always received an encouraging answer. One morning however while at his breakfast he heard a loud knock at the door, having despatched some person to answer the call, he began soliloquizing:

"Something about my novel no doubt; Oh lucky dog! thanks to the stars of John!"

He was here interrupted by the entrance of a stately man with a penetrating look, and a paper in his hand, who bowing most obsequiously said: "You are, I believe sir, Mr. John Scratchpate."

"I am sir."

"Hem! Sir—said the man—I am sorry to inform you that from certain unforeseen circumstances which have transpired, Mr. Joseph Quibble, Editor of the Weekly Herald (which by the bye was weakly enough) has become unable to—"

"I'm—my work this week 'interrupted John 'Oh, sir, there is no necessity for an excuse. I am not one of those who impatient by nature, suffer their passions to overcome their reason; and therefore am not disposed to be angry when disappointed."

"Sir said the man" my present visit has nothing to do with your work. It's his work which has sent me hither."

"I tell you sir it's my work" said John.

"Very well sir" answered the other, "he it whose work it may, it is a bad piece of work."

"What, sir!" said John, "do you attempt to say so—"

"Yes sir, and will maintain it. Hear me through if you please. I was about to say, that Mr. Quibble having become utterly unable to fulfil his engagements, and insolvent, and being threatened with prosecution, has absconded—You being his partner, are liable for the debts of the firm—I am an officer and now arrest you by virtue of a *Capias ad Respondendum*; issued out of the supreme Court of the state of New York."

John was—not thunder struck, for it was a clear bright day in June—but his astonishment was very great.

"The villain!" said he "has he reported that I

was his partner? I assure you sir I am in no wise connected with him."

The officer being rather difficult to convince, kept John in his custody until he found bail—The suit terminated in John's favor, but was hardly over, when he received the following letter addressed to him:

"Sir when I was the silly fool who suffered myself to be imposed upon by you, and various other adimals of the same long eared tribe, you considered me as one of your dependents. Being now sir beyond the reach of such creatures as you, I beg leave to state that if you wish to learn the fate of that compound piece of trash, which you gave me to publish; you had better visit the city of New-York, call a meeting of the archins who are in the habit of frequenting a certain 'cookey shop,' and learn from them the fate of each piece, they severally received enveloping their canals, or other trifling purchase.

"Farewell author, your reputation is gone, and the world is I hope no more to be troubled with the ravings of such a madman as you undoubtedly are—

TIMOTHY QUIBBLE."

There was neither date nor place mentioned, but John knew the hand writing—he swore vengeance against the villain Quibble; that he would follow him to the ends of the earth, and by way of commencement, started for the city of New-York. After being there about two weeks without being able to find his destroyer, he gave up the search; but happening to pass a book store on his journey to the stevedock which was to convey him home, much to his surprise he beheld the enemy employed in vending books in the capacity of a salesman—into the store he rushed, exclaiming at the same time—

"Quibble, thou rascal, give me up my work, or by my life I'll make you rue it."

"Who is that man?" asked Quibble coolly.

"Ah!" said John—"It's now just a joke—deliver to me that invaluable novel of mine, which you robbed me of, thereby causing to the world an irreparable loss—deliver it, or prepare yourself for the punishment your infamous conduct deserves."

"The man is mad, said Quibble; I assure you, gentlemen, (addressing those who were in the store,) I never saw or heard of him before."

"What!" said John, turning to the strangers—do you believe that? Is there any one who has not heard of me, the learned, the talented, the renowned John Scratchpate? if there is, it must be one who has no taste for the encouragement of literature."

"He must be mad," said one, with a sudden closing of the lips and nodding of the head.

"Undoubtedly," said another.

"And I think," said a little fat elderly gentleman, "that he ought to be taken care of, being a proper subject for the lunatic asylum—a second *Gez*, upon my honor. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I see it all," said John; "you are all leaguued to destroy my work, envying greatly the fame I should have acquired thereby. Ye poor degenerate scribblers, you are incapable of producing a common paragraph, and wish to prevent me from wearing the laurel of fame. But I will be revenged, and commence with you."

So saying he rushed at Quibble, but was suddenly checked by a rough grasp from behind, which nearly brought him to the ground. On turning round he found himself in the hands of a constable.

"Let me go!" roared he.

"Take care of him," said one, "he'll bite."

"Ay, take him to the asylum," said another.

"I know him well, he nearly murdered his own child the other day."

Such and the like were heaped upon poor John in abundance, while in spite of his kicking and roaring he was carried in a carriage, firmly tied, to the lunatic asylum.

Three days' confinement there, perfectly cured him, and on the fourth he was freed from "durance vile;" whereupon he returned to his native town, where to this day, at a certain hour, he may be seen parading the streets with solemn step and disconsolate air, ruminating upon the sad event which put an end to his literary career.

J. T. B.

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

The land shall never rue,
So England to herself do prove but true.—*Shakspeare.*

Through evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done:
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt,
For, on the wave, her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main
Heaved with a dark red stain,
Caught not from sunset's cloud,
While with the tide swept past
Pennon and shivered mast,
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bowed.

But true and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze;
It flowed o'er fearless men,
Though rushed and child-like then,
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh! did not thought of home
O'er each bold spirit come,
As from the land sweet gales?
In every word of prayer,
Had not some heart a share,
Some tower, inviolate 'midst England's vales?

Yes! bright green spots that lay
In beauty far away,
Hearing no billow's roar,
Safer from touch of spoil,
For that day's fiery toil,
Rose on high hearts, that now with love guided o'er

A solemn scene, and dread!
The victors and the dead—
The breathless, burning sky!
And, passing with a race
Of waves that keep no trace,
The wild, brief signs of human victory

A stern yet holy scene!
Billows, where strife had been,
Sinking to awful sleep;
And words that breath the sense
Of God's omnipotence,
Making a minister of that silent deep!

Borne through such hours afar,
Thy flag has been a star
Where eagle's wing ne'er flew,
England! the unprofaned,
Thou of the homes unstained!
Oh! to the banner and the shrine be true!

THE SLAVE SHIP.

Gaze! Gaze! and tremble!—Hark! dost hear that voice
Which talks amidst the storm, and will be heard?
Who comes? Who rides upon the winged wind,
Driving the roaring ocean where he wills?
Whose fiery wrath darts forth from out the clouds
That hang above us, black and terrible?
'Tis He—the loved, the feared, the worshipp'd—He,
God the Almighty! God the Infinite!

Look on him, and obey! Dost thou not,
In wish nor action—he is everywhere:
He hears thee ere thy thought doth spring to speech,
Yet, why this fiery vengeance? Hath the Deep
Anger'd its Master? Have the enormous broods
Grown mutinous within their watery homes?
Nothing see I upon the turbulent waves,
Save one small speck—so small, it well might be
Some buoy or cork, which fishers leave at night
To catch their careless prey. That little thing
Can raise no anger, call down no revenge!

Peace! fool; there lies the cause! The sinful ones
Vow'd from that floating grave. Know, all within
Are bad, and all are doom'd!—the innocent
Have died beneath their whips and stifling bands,
And none, save tyrants, live;—and they shall die!
—This is the SLAVE SHIP! Some short days ago
She left the Gold-coast, where she sought to trade—
Not for sweet spice or gums, but—human flesh!
The brother bought his brother: men were torn
From those they loved; fond mothers from their babes;
And children, who had scarcely learn'd to weep,
Were slaughter'd. All was done with such remorse
As when we tread upon a weed, and cry
—How pleasant is the green-sward!

But now comes
The hour of vengeance;—the Avenger's near:
No eagle o'er the serpent half so sure,
Lightning and thunder, winds and howling seas,
Tell all, without the help of prophecy.
And, see!—more grim than Death, the ravenous shark
Follows in silence. Not a sound escapes:
But, when the worn ship cracks, the monster turns
His teeth against the sky, and waits his prey.
So must he die who builds on human blood
His swollen fortunes—whose vile scourges kill
The spirit of Freedom in the human soul!
On earth or ocean it shall be the same:
Death shall come, pale with horror: Heaven's bright
Wrath

Shall fall upon him whoso'er he be:
No day of pleasant skies, no night of rest;
But burning, bad desires—eternal fears;
And, last—the hopeless grave!

Non Monthly.

FACULTY FEELS.—It is the fortune (good or ill is matter of opinion) of the town —, in Kent, the population of which is under 3000, to have six apothecaries among its denizens. The junior partner in an eminent wholesale druggist house, travelling for the

firm this spring, was so pleased with the orders he obtained from them in the morning, that, in the overflowing of his heart, he invited his customers to sup with him at the Saracen's Head in the evening. Mr. Jones arrived first, and mutual greetings were exchanged; but on the appearance of Mr. Thompson, a few minutes after, Mr. Jones took up his hat and walked away. Mr. Thompson took himself off with no less precipitation on the entrance of Mr. Wilkins, who, in his turn, stalked away indignantly at the sight of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith had barely time to pull off his gloves and enjoy a single sniff of the effluvia of a couple of fine roast ducks which "Tom" the waiter was placing on the table, when in walked Mr. Simpson:—away bolted Smith, with a look of fiery indignation at his entertainer, while Simpson, who, luckily for himself, was the last comer, sat down to table with his host, congratulating himself that he had escaped the company of the scoundrel who had just left the room.—*Eng. paper.*

SCENE OF REAL LIFE.

Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.

LORD BYRON.

And so the Fernlands is to be sold at last, I said, casually meeting Mr. Nibble, our undersheriff—Poor N—, I am grieved for him, he has struggled hard against oppression.

It is quite true, Sir, replied the man of the law, a horning came down last night, but it will answer no end for Messrs. Sharpe and Scrapepen, have advertised the whole of the property for public roup on Tuesday next.

The loss of his land effected him more than I can describe. He had been brought up upon it, and it had become as it were part and parcel of himself; it was not an ordinary loss. The noise and bustle in the house and sundry interruptions from inquisitive eyes, warned us, as N— said, that 'we must jog.' As we were rising, I accidentally inquired whether he had received his letters that morning. Good God! he exclaimed, 'I totally forgot, and poor Andrew I fancy is too much occupied in bemoaning the fate of the horses, to have thought of it; but we can get them when I return with you this afternoon.'

'Delays are dangerous,' I replied, 'we will not throw a chance away.'

We hastened to the stable, and I despatched the servant on my horse, with the utmost expedition to the post-office at —.

N— sauntered through a private path in the shrubbery towards the entrance of the grounds, and I made my way through the careless throng, who had no thought what their own fate might be perhaps to-morrow—to Mr. Nibble, and urged him to delay the sale for an hour, but he said it was impossible, he would not hurry it for half an hour or so, but that they were already pressed for time. The landed property was first to be brought to the hammer. I mechanically followed the steps of N—, and when I overtook him we saw through a break in the wood, from the increased density of the mob and the elevation of the auctioneer, that the sale was commencing.

We gave up all for lost. At this moment I fancied I heard the noise of a horse urged to full gallop. The blood rushed to our hearts, we sprang through the trees towards the road; in another moment Andrew was in sight, urging his horse to his utmost speed. The instant he saw us he waved his hat, 'A packet from abroad, Sir,' he sung out as he approached, 'from our young master, I'm sure.'

'God be praised,' was all I could utter; poor N— was faint with sudden joy and hope. We tore open the envelope which contained bills from his son in India to a large amount. I saw N— was unable to think, and without more ado, I squeezed his hand, seized the letter, and put spurs to my horse. The bidding had commenced when I reached the wondering crowd, who rapidly fell back as they saw me approach. But why should I tire you any longer; in a couple of hours Fernlands remained unpolled by one of the mob, or legal harpies who had invaded it. You may guess the rest.

A friend related the preceding incident to me; the reader may suppose me to be addressing himself. The leading circumstances are strictly true, the names and some trifling matters alone being altered. The story is invested with interest from its great similarity to a portion of the plot of the "Antiquary." I have the strongest reason to believe, from the intimate acquaintance the great Novelist possessed with the country, that he drew Sir Arthur Wardour's similar escape from ruin, from a recollection of the event briefly related above.

BLACK WORK.

A certain Colonel, old, and poor, and lame,
And therefore somewhat choleric and fervent,
Had advertised for a man-servant,
And was employed in writing when there came
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
Who seemed to be a shoe and boot-man,
And therefore asked, as he drew near,
'Pray, sir, who does the black work here?'
'That, sir, I do myself,' the Colonel said,
And threw the ink-stand at the fellow's head!

Attorneys. In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year under the presidency of the shire-reeve, or sheriff, and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Tourn. By degrees, the freemen declined, giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend, carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. Whoever actually

Mr. Nibble, who was Mr. Sharpe's agent, was bustling about, and I found him engaged with a fat, pompous little fellow, the auctioneer, from a neighboring town.

'Sad business this, Mr. —,' said he, 'Fernlands is in a sad taking about it, I believe, but things of this kind will occur, you know; and I always say what can't be cured must be endured, eh?'

I turned with an ill-concealed expression of disgust from this man, and entered the house in search of my friend, for N— would not quit the old place to the last. There is something melancholy in viewing a sale at any time—the disarrangement of the furniture—the cheerless and chilling aspect of the rooms—the dirt, the dust, and the heartless indifference one witnesses to the misfortunes of others—all come home forcibly to the feelings. After stumbling and striking my shins amongst piles of chairs, and furniture, and carpets disposed in lots over the now comfortless apartments, I at last reached the study door where I had spent many a happy hour with N—. I entered; the room was stripped of part of its furniture, the books lying dispersed in heaps over the floor or on the massive table, at the side of which N— was seated on the only chair left in the apartment. He was at first unconscious of my entrance.

'My dear sir, this is kind, indeed,' he said, as I advanced, struggling with his feelings, 'but take a chair, and he glanced round the room with a bitter smile, as he observed there was none. 'My friends are kind you see, they think chairs are useless things—'

The loss of his land effected him more than I can describe. He had been brought up upon it, and it had become as it were part and parcel of himself; it was not an ordinary loss. The noise and bustle in the house and sundry interruptions from inquisitive eyes, warned us, as N— said, that 'we must jog.' As we were rising, I accidentally inquired whether he had received his letters that morning. Good God! he exclaimed, 'I totally forgot, and poor Andrew I fancy is too much occupied in bemoaning the fate of the horses, to have thought of it; but we can get them when I return with you this afternoon.'

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BLACK WORK.

A certain Colonel, old, and poor, and lame,
And therefore somewhat choleric and fervent,
Had advertised for a man-servant,
And was employed in writing when there came
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
Who seemed to be a shoe and boot-man,
And therefore asked, as he drew near,
'Pray, sir, who does the black work here?'
'That, sir, I do myself,' the Colonel said,
And threw the ink-stand at the fellow's head!

Attorneys. In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year under the presidency of the shire-reeve, or sheriff, and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Tourn. By degrees, the freemen declined, giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend, carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. Whoever actually

went to the Sheriff's Tourn, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go "at the Tourn," and hence came the word *attorney*; which signified one that went to the Tourn for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. The distinction between attorney and solicitor arises from the latter's practising in a Court of Equity, and the former only in a court of Law. *Heraldic Anomalies.*

MEDICAL STATISTICS.

From the National Gazette.

The number for the present month, of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, contains a curious and instructive paper, entitled Medical Statistics, by Governor Emerson. The paper consists of estimates relating to the population of Philadelphia, with its changes as influenced by the deaths and births during ten years, viz:—from 1820 to 1830. The nature and value of Dr. Emerson's labors may be understood from the points of information which we proceed to select.

Description of the Population.—The population included within the limits of the Bills of Mortality amounts, without distinction of color, to 167,811. The increase since the census of 1820 is 4-6 per cent.

The whites alone amount to 133,169, of which number 73,547 are males, and 59,622 females. The females exceed the males about 84 per cent, making about 92 males to 100 females.

Estimating all of and under the 5th year, the males exceed the females about 5 per cent; but when all between the 5th and 10th years are included, the sexes are nearly balanced, there being only about 1 per cent in favor of the males. In the period included between the 10th and 15th years, the females exceed the males about 8 per cent, and from this time to about the 50th year, the excess on the same side continues pretty steadily in the ratio of from 8 to 10 per cent. Afterwards, however, it increases greatly, so that between the 50th and 60th years, the females exceed the males 34 per cent; 60th and 70th do, do do 59 do; 70th and 80th do, do do 90 do; 80th and 90th do, do do 79 do; 96th and 100th do, do do 14 do.

Of those that had attained and exceeded 100 years, seven were females and three males.

The blacks constitute about 87 per cent, of the population, their exact number being 14,242, of which 6307 are males and 8335 females. The increase since the census of 1820 is about 32-1-2 per cent.

The disparity between the sexes is far more marked with the whites, there being 32 for every 100 females than males, or only 86 males to 100 females. Under the 10th year the females exceed is about 8 per cent, and between the ages of 10 and 24 amounts to 31 per cent; between the 36th and 50th year it is only 16 per cent, and between the 55th and 100th 38 per cent. Of those that had attained 100 years and over, 14 were males and 12 females.

Births.—The Births are in the proportion of about 4-1-2 per cent, to the whole population. The number of males born exceeds that of the females more than 7 per cent; which excess, as already noticed, is lost by the 10th year. The number of births varies with the seasons. See pages 8, 9, &c. upon this subject, in which the results of calculations in Philadelphia are compared with similar ones made in Europe, and found to correspond. This subject is new and interesting.

Mortality.—The proportion of deaths to the population has been greater within the last ten years than at any other period since regular records of mortality have been kept. This is clearly explained to be owing to the prevalence of epidemic causes, the force of which was chiefly felt by those living in the outskirts of the town, or such as exposed themselves to the night air in the city. The proportion of deaths to the entire population for the last 10 years has averaged 1 in about 39—whilst for the 14 years preceding, it was only 1 in about 48 of the population in general, and but 1 in 51 of the whites. The mortality began to swell in 1818, and in 1823 was at its greatest height. Since then there has been a gradual decline in the proportion, which for the last year (1830) was only 1 in about 43. (still born exclusive.) The proportion for the same year of the white population alone was one in 45-1-2.

The increased state of mortality is traced for the most part to fevers and inflammations. The first mentioned class of diseases prevailed most during the first years of the series—whilst inflammatory affections seem to have increased during the last years and with the decline of fevers.

An examination of our records of mortality for the last 25 years, will show that during the whole time, the number of deaths from malignant or yellow fever is only about 125. This information may appear strange, even at home; but how much more so abroad, in Europe for instance, where the dread of this disease has alone, perhaps, deterred many from visiting the country, and raised obstacles to our commerce by the enforcement of vexatious quarantine regulations in many ports. The simple fact we have here stated relative to our exemption from yellow fever, should, we think, entitle our vessels to general pratique, or at least lessen very greatly the detention to which they are so frequently subjected, especially in the south of Europe.

From the statements of the periods of life at which the mortality took place, it appears that the deaths of such as were under one year of age, constitute about 48 per cent, or nearly half the mortality under the 20th year; under the 5th year about 81 per cent, and under the 10th about 89 per cent., of all under the 20th year. The mortality under this last mentioned period constitutes about 47 per cent, of that at all ages.

The increase observed lately in the mortality from febrile and inflammatory diseases is shown in the following extracts:—"The average mortality of fevers, from 1807 to 1817 inclusive, was in the proportion of 1 in 13, or 7.7 per cent. of the whole mortality. But since that time, and from the year 1818 to 1828 inclusive, the average has been as great as 1 in 7.4 or 13.4 per cent. of the whole mortality; nearly double its usual rate."

With regard to the increase in the mortality from inflammations, it appears that the average of the eleven years first mentioned was 1 in 11.8, or about 8 per cent., but that during the five years included between 1826 and 1830, it rose so as to constitute 13 per cent. of the entire mortality, which it will be seen is very nearly the proportion of fevers when these were most prevalent."

The mortality from consumption has been of late years 1 in 6.5 of the general mortality. In this, together with the other estimates, the still-born were deducted. Had they been retained, the proportions of the particular diseases to the general mortality would of course have appeared less.

The different months, arranged according to their proportional mortality, would stand thus, commencing with those having the greatest:

For Adults.	For Children.
1. August,	1. August,
2. September,	2. July,
3. April,	3. September,
4. October,	4. June,
5. February,	5. October,
6. March,	6. November,
7. November,	7. March,
8. July,	8. December,
9. June,	9. February,
10. January,	10. April,
11. December,	11. January,
12. May,	12. May,

In the early stages of childhood, by far the greater mortality occurs in the hot months of June, July and August. After the second year, however, heat does not appear to be a destructive agent. "If we take the mortality of the months of June, July and August, we find that the proportion occurring under the second year of infancy is about four times greater than that which occurred during the same months for the whole 18 succeeding years of life; whereas for the three months of November, December and January, the amount of mortality under the two first years of life, is but little above that of the 18 succeeding years. It will be observed that the month of September stands among the highest in the scale of infantile mortality, differing however from those with which it is associated, by having a larger proportion of deaths distributed under the later period designated."

The rate of mortality among the blacks compared with their population, greatly exceeds that for the whites. In 1820 it even amounted to 1 in 16.9. The average for the whole ten years is 1 in 21.7; just about double the average of the whites for the same period. The total mortality of the blacks in 1820 was 746; 708, exclusive of still-born. The portion from consumption was 1 in 7.6, or 13 per cent. of the amount from all diseases; fevers, 1 in 5.7, or 17 per cent.; low fever complaints, 1 in 15, or 6.3 per cent. The number that died in the Alms-House was 155.

Of the total 746, there were 401 males, and 345 females, from which it would appear that the proportional mortality of the males compared with their population greatly exceeds that of the females; that of the former being 1 in 14, and of the females only 1 in 22. The number of females in the black population exceeds that of the males 32 per cent.—*Nat. Gaz.*

The Check-Reign.—Mr. McGinley, one of the constables in attendance at the Arch Street Theatre, succeeded after a lengthy crusade in capturing one of a numerous band of little rogues who nightly infest the box, pit, and gallery entrances to our theatres. The officers stated that he and some others had determined to rid the premises of the nuisance, and had produced the prisoner to be dealt with as an example to the offenders who escaped. It is highly amusing to take one's stand at any time in the evening after seven o'clock on the theatre steps, and watch the manoeuvres of this juvenile crew of depredators. By the time the dark curtain of night is fairly down, and the drop curtain of the drama securely up, from behind every nook and corner starts a member of the gang, and with cautious step approaches the scene of action. Being prepared with signal and watchword, they have thus the power of vanishing on the approach of any of the "men with big sticks," as the constables are familiarly called. He whose good luck it is first to discover the common enemy's appearance, is bound to sing out "sneet," when the whole posse disappears as by magic; and on the coast again being clear, they return in like manner to their posts, where they prowl to and fro, till some one or more of the audience becoming tired of the entertainments, appear at the top of the steps, when he is instantly addressed by a dozen voices at once with "Give me your cheek, sir?" and happy is he who succeeds in gaining the prize, and fortunate the donor who escapes with whole garments from the general rush and struggle for the mastery. Should the gentleman be a constable in disguise, as is sometimes the case, the scene which succeeds the discovery of the deception is

past all description; a general shout, and "devil take the hindmost" is the cry. In the course of the evening the cheeks thus obtained come in demand; some passer-by wishing to see the after-piece, offers a sixpence or a shilling for one, and if there is no genuine one on hand, a sham-check is quickly substituted, the amount paid, and the dupe on his way to the "receipt of custom," whence he is quickly hustled into the street on the cheat being detected by the door-keeper, to the small mirth of the young villains, who having adjourned to a convenient distance, await the result in silence, and see their victim emerging into the street, the laughing stock of all around. *Phil. Bulletin.*

From the New-England Galaxy.

A couple of years ago, Mr. Printer, or thereabouts, as I was sailing out of your harbour here, I got a little becalmed in my wits and had a dream. It was the only one I ever had, sir—I never was guilty of dreaming before nor since, and I never expect to dream again. Happening to overhaul a file of your snug little craft to-day, I spied in one corner your offer of a prize for the best specimen of head work, ye see, in the shape of a ditty or a long yarn; so here I am. I reckon it's well worth the offer, and I turn it over to your hands, with the hope of stowing away the hard boys; and if I don't get 'em, why blast my lights if ever I trust to this sort o' riggerin' again—that's all.

Your ob't serv't,

HARRY HAMMOCK.

P. S. If I happen to be the lucky boy, just heist your signal, and you'll see my little shell bearing down upon your guns underneath the same colors as you'll find on the seal of this here scrawl.

THE GREY GHOST OF THE MAELSTROM.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for one acre of barren ground;

What have we here? a man or a fish? *TIMPEST.*

I sat on the poop of our honest ship

A watching the chrystal deep;

The whales and the dolphins were looking on

At the little fish playing bo-peep,

And the sea was so calm and the weather so warm

That I well nigh fell asleep.

In this abstract mood, like a merry fool

That has fuddled his wits in a bowl,

Things look'd all askant, and crooked and odd,

And the world seem'd a-losing her soul;

Fish stood on their heads, and the ship, poor jade,

Crowded sail for Capt. Symmes's hulk.

The breezes blew smoke, like a Dutchman's pipe,

The sea-mews and gulls flew about

And dash'd to the surface for carrion there

As though they would knock their brains out,

And the sea thick'n'd up all greasy and red

Like a publican's dish of crout.

My head grew up and my legs grew down

Till they troubled the dreams of the eels

That snoozed on the bottom among the grass,

And they nibbled away at my heels;

But I kicked the rogues such a hearty kick

That they willingly gave up their meals.

Alas,—thought I, as I looked abroad

And across the chaotic waste,—

'Tis a horrible thing for an honest man

In such strange plight to be placed;

I'd as lief be hung on a gibbet-bough

For night-owls and vultures to taste.

But a little black speck in the distant North,

Like some craft on the troubled sea—

Seem'd tugging away to mount a huge wave

That threaten'd to heave it a-lee.

Full a twelve knot course that figure run,—

Or so it appear'd to me.

'Twas a human form—the little black speck—

That had caught the cant of mine eye,

And it travel'd away at such a round rate,

That I fear'd it would hurry by;

So I beckon'd and hail'd with a stentor voice—

"Come hither, come hither!" quoth I.

A grey old man came thumping along

On stumps of legs like staves,

And he wheel'd a barrow full of skulls

As if he'd been robbing of graves;

"It's a curious trade," said I, "old man,

To be following 'midst the waves."

The old man set his wheel-barrow down

And held out his grizzly claw,

He wanted to give me a friendly gripe

But I liked not the looks of his paw,

For his fingers dripped with salt sea brine,

Like icicles caught in a thaw.

"Take pity, take pity," the grey man said,

"For I'm weary and wet and old,

And I'm doom'd to wander the ocean about.

Ten years ten thousand times told;
I've barter'd my soul to Satan away
For a paltry glut of gold.

"Alas and alack, 'tis a weary doom
To travel by night and by day,
Through hot and cold,—from South to North,
Scarce ever to halt by the way;—
But dearly I purchased my dastard life
And dearly I've got to pay."

The grey man leaped from the top of his wave
And sat on his windward side,
For fear of losing his timber hold,
He clapp'd his old shanks astride;—
O,—he smell'd so strong of brimstone fire
That I gave him a berth full wide.

Like a spaniel just out of the surf
The old man shook his locks,
And the carbuncles rattled about his ears
Like dice in a gamester's box;
He heaved a sigh so dismal and deep
'Twould have melted the heart of rocks.

You may dare to face a howitzer's mouth,
You may brave a wild beast's rage,
And you'll know less dread with the first or last
Than this old sea-elf—I'll wage;
Yet he seem'd such a downright sociable ghost
That I flinch'd not from his gage.

"Shipmate," quoth I, "if you've aught to say,
Just drop all palaver and stuff,
And come to the point, like a hearty old boy,
And tell till you have told enough;
You shall have sea-room, till you've spun your yarn,
And then have leave to luff."

The grey man peer'd with his rat-like eye,
And tuck'd a fresh quid in his cheek;
You'd fear to look on that devilish face
As he open'd his chops to speak;
But the ship just then gave a playful lurch
And threw the old crone a-peck.

"Sailor," quoth he, as he righted himself,
"I have courage and listen to me;
I'll tell you a tale of daring and dread,—
A tale of the broad salt sea;
And when I have done you shall wonder, sir tar,
How I 'scaped from the gallows-tree.

Look off to the West, young mariner,
And you'll find my handy work,
Look away to the East, and there again
I have cheated both Jew and Turk,
In the furthestmost seas of North and South
Full oft would my cunning lurk."

But America's coast is the fruitful field
Where my genius was wont to drift,
And the honest craft that roamed abroad
In search of their scanty thrift,
Have witness'd the daring of this hard hand
And sped from many a lift.

A thousand of leagues from that barren shore
Is a little brown isle in the sea
Whose monarch was king of America then
But a sorry old king was he;
The chieftain had gold,—but he lack'd of wit
When he sent a bold ship for me.

They call'd me hard names—those British clowns,
And they swore I should make 'em a roast.—
We must pocket, quoth they, this thousand of crowns,
So they drove me about the coast
Like a poor sea-fowl—to seize me alive;
But the rascals had nothing to boast.

I shew'd 'em a trial of skill and of speed
As oft as they wanted such fun,
But at last they gave up their chase, poor fools,
And I gave 'em a parting gun.—
He's leagu'd with the devil, said George's men,
To the devil then let him run.

Belay, belay, grey man, cried I,
For day-break is hurrying on.
"Aye, aye, young man," quoth the old sea-knave,
"I'll finish my splice and be gone;—
This barrow of skulls is a riddle to thee,
But I'll make it plain anon.

For the pelf that I shared on earth's broad face
I gave my eternal soul,
To the devil, my master, and I bargain'd too,—
When I signed that horrible scroll,
That my person or fortune for four-score years
No mortal should ever control.

Those four-score years had come and gone,
I was yet of the living and free,
But my days and my hours were cheerless now,
And earth had no charms for me;
So I brail'd up my duds for the last—last time,
And I hail'd for Norway's sea.

"On that frozen coast is a fearful chasm,
Some dozen leagues in girth,

Whose vortex hath swallowed many a tar
Asleep in his midnight berth;
'Twas there I met a seaman's grave,
And bade a farewell to earth.

"Yon Maelstrom's whirl, young mariner,
Is the door to old Pluto's hall;—
Sneer not,—for you'll rue the luckless hour
That you gave him so sudden a call.
So you pass that way—behave yourself,
Or he'll grapple you—cargo and all.

So ho, sir knave, of the upper seas,
You have dropped down stream at last,
Said the devil to me as I tumbled in,—
But whither away so fast?

I have come, said I, at your worship's will,
To serve you for favors past.

I am wanting of fuel, the devil said,
For my oven is getting amiss;
If your will is to serve me for favors past,
You'll find no lack of labor in this,—
There's a barrow,—go search for human skulls
In the ocean's vast abyss.

If you're weary of work you may lie you down
On the sea's broad bottom to rest,—
Upon fishes' bones and pebbles and shells,
'Tis a rough but quiet some nest;—
I'll wage you a soul, in a centry or so
You'll swear it is none but the best.

Ten millions and one of these loads I've wheel'd,
Yet scarce is my labor begun.
A bonny brisk fire they make, these skulls,—
But avast—there's the coming gun."
The old crone plung'd in the dark blue waves,
As I roused at the morning gun.

What cheer on the poop? cried my shipmates all
Faith, they munch'd up my dream like a quid;
And o' nights they hug up their greasy bunks
Like the splice of a rope round a fidd,
For I made 'em believe that this old sea-elf,
Was the ghost of the pirate Kidd.

Gen. Washington was a good boy. The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother of Washington.

Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette believed, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered by a plain straw hat, the Mother of "his hero." The Lady saluted him kindly, observing—

"Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress." Much as Lafayette had heard and seen of the matron before, at this interesting interview he was charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, the transcendent elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, "bore the palm alone," and at the same time discovered no change in her plain, yet dignified life and manners, he became assured that the Roman matron could flourish in the modern day.

The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, and paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son. To the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy." *Ladies' Magazine.*

Cleanings from Borne's Works. Liberty is set before Foxes in narrow flasks, and before Storks in flat basins. The cunning fox knows his remedy and snaps off the neck of the flask, but what hope is there for the silly stork? he suffers himself to be persuaded that the best cure is to allow his bill to be trimmed.

Civility is the national bond of the heart, which frequently brings on an increase of interest, proportioned to the insecurity of the capital.

Morality is the grammar of religion; it is easier to be just than generous.

Napoleon was the High Priest of the Revolution, but being impolitic enough to overturn the worship men paid to it, the sacerdotal garment fell from off his shoulders, and his power set for ever.

Whether we laugh or cry, creep or hop, tremble or rage, hope or fear, believe or doubt, we shall all meet in the grave. But there is one thing that will profit us—a clear prospect; and one thing that will endure—Justice; and one thing which mediates for us—Love!

